



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07481834 9

1

12

PRICE, 25 CENTS

THROUGH MISSOURI

ON A
MULE



"WORSE THAN
ARKANSAW"
All new
—by—

Thos. W. Jackson

author of
A Slow Train
through Arkansaw

Funny Railroad Stories
Old Time Ducky Sayings
Minstrel Jokes
All the late and Funny Sayings of the Day

THOMAS W. JACKSON, PUBLISHER, CHICAGO, ILL.



THE RECEIPT—FOR THE JOKES.

100

11

Johnson

The funniest books on earth—or anywhere else

JACKSON'S 1st BOOK

"On A Slow Train Through Arkansaw," has had the largest sale of any copyright book ever written. 2,500,000 sold. It will sell forever—and a thousand years afterwards.

JACKSON'S 2nd BOOK

"Through Missouri on a Mule" is like a fire-place—it is grate.

JACKSON'S 3rd BOOK

"Thos. W. Jackson on a Fast Train from New York to Frisco" is like a nutmeg—it is grater.

JACKSON'S 4th BOOK

"I'm From Texas, You Can't Steer Me" is like a hard boiled egg—it can't be beat.

JACKSON'S 5th BOOK

"Don't Miss It! Thos. W. Jackson Telling All the Late Ones" will tickle you like a feather.

JACKSON'S 6th BOOK

"Thos. W. Jackson Catches a Fish and Tells the Story." Beats anything—except a carpet.

JACKSON'S 7th BOOK

"From Rhode Island to Texas" is the best thing out—except an aching tooth.

JACKSON'S LATEST BOOK

"Oh You Auto See the United States With Jackson." It will make you smile out loud. Dynamite for sorrow.

Any of the above titles sent Postpaid on receipt of 25 cents.

**THOS. W. JACKSON PUBLISHING CO.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.**

THROUGH MISSOURI ON A MULE

"WORSE THAN ARKANSAW"

ALL NEW

BY

THOS. W. JACKSON

Author of "A SLOW TRAIN THROUGH ARKANSAW"

FUNNY RAILROAD STORIES

OLD TIME DARKY SAYINGS

MINSTREL JOKES

**ALL THE LATE AND FUNNY SAYINGS
OF THE DAY**

CHICAGO

THOS. W. JACKSON

PUBLISHER

Illustrated by M. A. BOWLES, Chicago

Copyright 1904, by THOS. W. JACKSON

All rights reserved



Hell-Hell-Hello. Is that you Bill-iards?

Yes. What is it?

Say, do you know that the ladies are wearing much finer hosiery nowa-days than they used to?

Well, I am from Missouri, you'll have to show me.



THROUGH MISSOURI ON A MULE

Do you know that Missouri is one of the finest climates in the world?

When I was in South America, I was burning up; when I was in Alaska, I was freezing to death; when I was in St. Louis, it was Fair.

When I arrived in St. Louis, I asked a hackman to drive me to a good hotel.

He said he couldn't do it, for he didn't have any harness that would fit me.

When I got to the hotel I asked the clerk to give me a room and bath.

He said he could give me a room, but he didn't have time to give me a bath.

I walked up the street and saw a sign that said "Big Opening Sale, cork-screw eight cents."

I walked right in the store and asked the clerk, if the proprietor was in.

He said, "No, he has just gone out for dinner."

I asked him if he would be back after dinner.

He said, "No, that's what he went out for."



The Product that made Missouri famous—Well, that's where they come from.

...
...
...
...

I asked him if the buyer was in.

He said, "No, but the cellar was down stairs."

I went over to the telephone office and asked the girl what it would cost to telephone to Jefferson City.

She said, "Fifty cents."

I said, "In Chicago, I can telephone to Hell for fifty cents."

She said, "Yes, but that was in the City limits."

I went in a butcher shop and got an awful roast.

I went to the Garbagemen's Ball; it was a swill affair.

I went out for a street-car ride. A drunken man got on the car; an old lady got up and said, "Conductor, do you allow drunken people to ride in this car?"

He said, "Yes, just sit down and keep quiet and no one will notice you."

There was a big fat lady sitting alongside of a little, thin lady. The thin lady said, "Conductor, I think you ought to charge people according to their weight."

He said, "If we did, we wouldn't stop for you."

I went to a chicken fight and bet all my money, and lost—on a fowl.

I went out to the races and wanted to bet. A policeman took me up. I felt sick and went

swallowed an yeast cake and had a swell time for ten days.

While I was in St. Louis, I stopped at the Inside Inn. When I left my pockets were inside out.

I had room 9,745. In order to get to the dining-room in time for breakfast I had to get up at five o'clock in the morning. Before I could get back to my room I would have to turn around and start back for dinner. In order to catch up with my meals I left a call for four in the morning. But the clerk only woke up one. Another fellow stopping there had room 14,921. He got three days behind with his meals. He was a heap closer to Kansas City, so he used to go over there and take his meals.

I met a policeman I knew in St. Louis. I went out with him a time or two, and I was in with him a couple of times.

I met another policeman there. Well, he wasn't a regular policeman yet—he's a burglar now.

I was standing on the street corner listening to a dago playing a hand-organ, with a monkey sitting on top of it, when a little girl walked up and handed me a nickle. I said, "Little girl, why are you giving me this money!" She said,

"Because my mamma told me to give the monkey a nickel."

I wanted to leave St. Louis the worst way. so I took the Missouri & Pacific.

The car I got in was crowded. There were lots of seats, but they were all taken.

As usual, there was an Irishman on the train, He couldn't get a seat and was standing up in the aisle. After he had stood up for about two hours, he began to get weak in the knees. He looked all around and said, "Have none of ye a home to go to?"

There was a Jew on the train. He was trying to get up a game of poker. He asked the Irishman if he didn't want to play. The Irishman said, "No." The Jew insisted on him playing. The Irishman said he didn't want to play for three reasons. The Jew said, "What is your reason?" The Irishman said, "The first one is, I have no money." The Jew said, "The Hell with the other two."

The Irishman said he had traveled a great deal.

The Jew asked him if he had ever seen Cork.

He said, "No, but he had seen a great many drawings of it".

If Life was a thing that money could buy,
The Jews would live, and the Irish would die.

There was a Dutchman and his wife on the train. He looked like a walking advertisement for Anheuser-Busch. He said he was from Pencil-me-delphia. His wife said that they had lived in "Cincinopolis." She looked like she had helped to make Milwaukee famous.

Just as we were going through a tunnel the Irishman stooped over and kissed the Dutchman's wife. She said "Augelstein, how dare you kiss me, you have been drinking."

He said, "Did I kiss you?"

She said, "Yes."

He said, "I must be drinking."

His wife said, "If you have no respect for these other people, have some disgrace for me, for this is two insults already you owe me."

The Dutchman said, "Too much is a plenty, I am a good notion to mash myself in the face."

There was another loving couple sitting right ahead of me. They were married, but not to each other.

There was a little boy sitting in the seat with me. When the Conductor asked him for his ticket, he said, "No sir, I'll not give you my ticket, it's mine, for I bought it. If you want a ticket, go buy one."

"Well, but you know I am the Conductor."

"No, I don't know you, but maybe my Pa does."

There was a football player on the train. He was finding fault with everything. He kicked all the way.

We run a little ways further, when an old farmer flagged us down. He told the engineer that he wanted to trade a chew of home-made terbacker for some store bought terbacker. The Conductor cut a piece of bell-cord for a rope and the whole train crew took after him.

He said, "Come on, a whole lot of you fellers can't run any faster than one."

They run him clean home. When ne got to the gate, his wife said, "Josiah, what on earth are you running for?"

He said, "Because, old woman, I can't fly."

Finally, the Irishman took out his pipe and started to smoke. The Conductor saw him and said, "Here! You can't smoke in this car."

The Irishman said, "I am not smoking."

The Conductor said, "Well, but you have got your pipe in your mouth."

The Irishman said, "Yes, and you have your feet in your shoes, but you ain't walking."

A feller told the Conductor that he was riding on his face.

The Conductor picked him up and threwed him through the window and said, "If you happen to land on your face, just finish up your ride."



We run a little ways further, when an old farmer flagged us down—and what happened to him.

A newly married couple got on. When the Conductor came along the fellow handed the Conductor his marriage certificate, instead of his railroad ticket. The Conductor looked it over and handed it back to him. The fellow said, "What is the matter isn't it good?" The Conductor said, "Yes, it's good for a life-long weary journey, but not on this train."

There was a stuttering man on the train. He hated to part with his conversation worse than anybody I ever saw. I asked him if he stuttered all the time; he said no, only when he was talking. He got to talking with the Irishman. The Irishman told him when he got through talking to say something. The Irishman told him he couldn't talk any better than a child fifty years old.

I went out to the races and bet.

How did you come out?

At the gate.

I had a dream last night. I dreamt I went to Heaven and saw your Mother-in-law there.

You didn't go to Heaven.

Do you know, I used to be on the ocean?

What did you do?

I was deck-hand on a sub-marine boat.

You haven't got any the best of me. I used to be on the ocean.

16 *Through Missouri on a Mule*

What did you do?

I was light house-keeping.

Do you know that I invented smokeless tobacco.

What kind of tobacco is that?

Chewing.

It is remarkable what some men can do. I saw six men break a chain with their hands.

That's nothing, I saw one man break six men with one hand.

They say that George Washington threw a dollar clear across the Potomac River.

A dollar would go much farther those days than it does now.

Can you see any difference in the chorus girls now and thirty years ago?

No, they look to me like the same ones.

In a little while we won't have any more chorus girls.

Why is that?

Because the beef trust has bought up all the calves.

Was you ever among royalty?

Yes, I went up against three Kings.

They say if the Japanese war keeps up, they are going to send all the Chinese women to Hong-kong.

If they do, the men will all go over to Peek-in.

A fellow said, "Say, Conductor, how long before we get to Jefferson City? I have been on this train for three days."

The Conductor said, "That's nothing, I have been on this train for three years."

Speaking of Jefferson City just reminds me that's where I got off, and I will never forget the hotel I stopped at. The rooms were so small they couldn't keep anybody long—they could only keep short ones. I kicked to the ramrod about the rooms being so small. He said, "What are you paying a day for your accommodations?"

I said, "Two Dollars a day."

He says, "That just pays for your meals, we are giving you the room for nothing."

We had three meals a day, corn meal, oatmeal and Indian meal.

A man and wife with a baby wanted to stop at the hotel but they couldn't keep them. There wasn't room for the baby to cut his teeth. The towels were too small to dry your face on.

One of the boarders kicked to the landlord about it. The landlord told him to use less water on his face and the towels would be big enough.

The landlord was a Dutchman. His name was Swindler. He had his name on the hotel sign over the door. The initial to his first name

was A. His sign read, "A. Swindler." I told him that he ought to have his sign changed and have his first name spelled out in full, so everyone wouldn't be on to his business, so he did. His first name was Adam. His new sign read, "A-dam Swindler."

I remember they had some hotel rules that went like this:

Parties of eight will come one at a time.

Guests are requested not to spit on the ceiling.

I was in Jefferson City the day that Ireland was set free.

The Governor was there inspecting the penitentiary. As he was strolling leisurely along the corridor, a convict by the name of John Ireland accidentally stepped on the Governor's foot. He turned around and politely said, "Governor, pardon me," and the Governor did.

I discovered while I was there that over half of the men in the penitentiary are single. That just goes to show that men would rather be in jail than married.

But women, I am with you. I am in favor of the legislature passing a law that will impose a fine of Five Hundred Dollars on every old bachelor in this country. It's worth it, to be single.

But the women have got the best of the men,

yes, they have got us beat. The ladies used to wear what they call a bustle; now they take that very same thing and put it on top of their heads and roll their hair over it.

Look at the girls, whenever they get any money they always go right straight and buy a pair of silk hose. I don't think they all show good form.

You take two women when they meet on the street they start to talking.

You take two men when they meet on the street they smile, then they go across the street and smile again.

Just the other day my wife paid Ten Dollars for a pair of silk hose. I told her that Ten Dollars was too much to pay for a pair of silk stockings. She said she didn't care which way the wind blowed, she wanted something to show for her money.

Needles and pins, needles and pins,
When a man gets married his trouble begins.

Before me and my wife was married I loved her so much I could have squeezed her to death. I wish now I had.

But I can say one thing for my wife, whenever I come home late and find a cold supper, she always makes it warm for me.

Ladies, let me give you a little advice—never marry a man who will treat you to wine and lobsters, for the wine will do you no good and the lobster you will get when you are married.

Talking about married life, look at Hooligan. Did he get married? No, he is happy.

Men choose their wives now days just like they do a cigar. If the wrapper looks good, what do they care?

God made the world in six days and on the seventh day he rested. Then he made man and rested again; then he made woman; neither God nor man has ever rested since.

Here is to the love that lies
In a woman's eyes.
Yes, it lies and lies,
And keeps on lying.

They say that women were here before looking glasses. Yes, and she has been before them ever since.

Adam and Eve had a fight at the breakfast table,
Adam said, "I will raise Cain as quick as I get Abel."

I have got a brother that suffers terribly with the heat.

Where does he live?

He isn't living.

How is your brother Bill, the one that lies?
He'd be called a bare-faced liar if he didn't
have whiskers.

How's your other brother, the musician?
Do you know, that when he plays, people
actually stop work?

How do you account for that?

He blows the whistle in a factory.

Where is your wife?

She is dead, her home is in Heaven.

Yes, but she ain't at home.

When my Mother-in-law was sick, I went to
her bedside, and began to cry. She said,
"Don't cry, we will meet in the other world."
I began to go to church right away.

Never roast your Mother-in-law. She will
die and get roasting enough.

Before I got married, I advertised for a wife.
Two or three fellows wrote and offered me
their's.

When my Uncle died he left me three hundred
acres of land. Since then I have had three
chances to get married.

For the land's sake.

They say that in China men wear women's
clothes.

If a man would put on a woman's shoes or
corsets in this country, he would get pinched.

They say that Thomas Lipton drinks his tea and coffee out of a saucer.

That's because he can't lift the cup.

Well, it's comin' to 'em and I think I had just as well tell it, for I do think that Jefferson City is one of the deadest towns I ever saw. I don't think it would be even a good town to sleep in. It is a heap livelier in Kansas City every day in the week than it is in Jefferson City on the Fourth of July. Just to give you an idea of how slow the people are there, the Chief of Police was too slow to make a good pall-bearer and got run over by a hearse. They tried to make a baseball player out of him, but he couldn't catch. They vaccinated him, and he has never caught anything since.

Well what could you expect? they say he came from the dead-letter office.

Reading this book reminds one o. joining a secret organization—you wonder what is coming next. I suppose you are beginning to expect a mule. Well, we won't need a mule until we get down in the Ozark hills, then we will have the mule ride.

I went over to the depot to take the train to Kansas City. An Irishman went up to the ticket agent and said, "Give me a ticket to Kansas City." The Agent said, "Do you want

an excursion ticket?" The Irishman said, "And what is an excursion ticket?" The Agent said, "That is a ticket from here to Kansas City and back." The Irishman said, "What the Divil do I want with a ticket to Kansas City and back when I am already here?"

They made good time on that road. Just before they would strike a sharp curve, the brakeman would come in and holler, "Hold on to your seats."

There was a big fellow got on the train, he was from Oklahoma. The smallest thing he owned was a cattle ranch. He made everybody else look like a hundred to one shot. He would have made a Texas cattle king ashamed of himself. He told the Conductor that he had a good notion to shoot the engineer. The Conductor asked him what for? He said it was like this: When he saw the train coming up at the station where he got on, he didn't know whether it was going to stop or not, so he got on the track, and waved his hat. He said the engineer took him for a cow on the track and blowed the whistle. He said that was enough to shoot a man for in Oklahoma. Every time we would strike one of those sharp curves, he would holler, "Set easy in your saddle, boys."

There was an Englishman in the car. He



The Englishman said, "Say, conductor, is there any danger?" The conductor said, "No he won't hurt you, but he may frighten you a little bit, by shooting a fly off of your nose."

said, "Conductor, is there any danger?" The Conductor said, "None whatever; he may frighten you a little by shooting a fly off your nose, but he won't hurt you."

The Conductor didn't know just what to do with Oklahoma. He thought something of setting out the car, when he happened to think that Carrie Nation was on the train, riding in the smoker, which was the next car ahead. He thought at first he would go over and borrow her hatchet and send it in to him and let him chop up the car, but after thoroughly considering the case, he went up to Carrie and told her that there was a man drinking in the next car back. She got up and went back. Just as she got in the car, the Oklahoma king was taking a drink. She walked up to him and said, "Look here sir, why do you drink that liquor? Don't you know it is wrecking your very soul? Have you no fear of the future?" He said, "Why should I fear the future, after facing the present?" She said, "Where are you from?" He said, "Oklahoma." She said, "There is too much jin jin amongst you ingins and I am going down there and I will make it a point to break up those joints." He said, "If you do, we will put you in jail." She said, "I have no fear of the jail. I have been in jail and I always smash the bars."

He said, "Who are you? I never seen your picture in the War Cry."

She said, "Don't you know who I am, sir?"

He said, "No, but I seen something that looked like you one time when I was drunk."

She said, "My mission on earth, sir, is to down whiskey." He said, "Good, old girl, sit down; I've got a little left in the bottle, and we will down that." She said, "I am not out to mash, sir, I am out to smash." She said, "It is a shame the way they use whiskey on this train. They serve drinks in the dining car. At night they take it over and give it to the engineer. He uses it to make the engine's headlight." About that time we struck one of them short curves; Carrie fell against the window and broke the glass; it didn't hurt her, for when she struck the window, the pane was gone. She told the Conductor that the whole train was drunk and she was going to get off at the next station and walk. The Conductor asked her what she was going to walk for. She said because she had a scheme on foot.

If you stood in my shoes, what would you do?
I would get a shine.

I knew your father when he didn't have a shirt to his back.

When was that?

When he was in swimming.

I have got a brother that hasn't slept a night in two months.

How is that?

He is a night-watchman and sleeps day times.

I have got a brother in New York that didn't eat there for two weeks.

When was that?

That was when he was in Chicago.

You can't guess what I saw on the hind of a street-car today.

I don't know, what did you see?

The Conductor.

I am from St. Louis.

You will have to make your exhibit, then.

I am expecting Edward the Seventh.

That's nothing, I am expecting August the First.

Do you want to hear something great?

Yes.

Rub to bricks together.

Why does a cashier in a bank have those bars in front of him?

That is just to remind him of his finish.

Have you any shirts without buttons on 'em?

Yes, I am a married man.

Do you belong to the Union?

Yes.

What Union?

Union Depot.

The people of Chicago are not what they used to be.

No, they used to be children.

When I arrived at Kansas City, I got on a street-car to go up town; the car was crowded.

A fellow said, "Say, Conductor I am paralyzed."

The Conductor said, "How is that?"

He said, "I have been scratching my leg for five minutes and I can't feel it."

A lady sitting along side of him said, "Conductor he has been scratching mine."

I went out on the front end and stood. I had quite a chat with the motorman. He seemed to be a good, jolly fellow. When I got ready to get off, I said, "Well, I hope I will see you again before I leave town." He said, "Oh, I will run on to you." I said, "Not if I see the car coming first."

I went into a restaurant to get dinner. I ordered some soup. When the waiter brought it in, she had her thumb in it. I told her about it. She said, "That's all right, it isn't hot."

I ordered two soft boiled eggs; when she brought them in, and opened them, I said, "They are rotten; bring me a lobster." She brought the landlord. I told him the eggs

were old. He said, "You can't blame me, she just laid them there."

Then I ordered some bacon. When she brought it in, I told her that the bacon was sick. She said it was just cured yesterday.

I told the landlord that I wouldn't pay for the bacon and eggs. He said, "Yes, you will." I told him that he couldn't get blood out of a turnip. He picked up a ketchup bottle and hit me over the head, and said, "No, but I can get blood out of a beat."

I went out to the races and bet on a horse called Regulator. The reason they called him Regulator was because all the other horses went by him.

I was going to play a horse called Cigarette, but I didn't have enough to back her.

Then I bet on a horse called Rubber. There was five horses in the race. Their names were Onion, Ice cream, Balloon, Rubber and Cabbage. They were off in a bunch. Onions was running strong at the quarter. Ice cream melted away at the half, Balloon went up at the three-quarter, Rubber lost in the stretch, Cabbage won by a head. I couldn't win, if there was only one horse in the race; he would fall down. The ponies run pretty fast, it's hard to beat 'em.

I was walking along the street when I saw some crape on a door. Right above the crape

was a card that read, "John Jones departed from this world for Heaven at six A. M." A few hours later I happened to be walking along the same street. As I passed the place where the crape was on the door, I noticed some more writing on the card, and it was very evident that some mischievous boy had been doing it, as it read like this: "Six hours later; great excitement in Heaven; John not yet arrived; possibly he got on the wrong train, as they say he had friends in both places."

I felt sick myself; went to see a Doctor; he looked at my tongue, and told me that I had a shirt-waist tongue. I asked him what that was. He said it was a tongue without a coat on it.

I was feeling so bad I went and had my fortune told. The fortune teller looked at my hand and said, the long, crooked line looked like the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. He said that showed I had lived a very crooked life. I asked him if that was straight.

He said I had the best hand he ever held, and he had held some pretty good ones in his time.

He told me that he had discovered the secret of my birth, but he didn't say whether it was an upper, or a lower.

He wanted to know if I didn't take in washing. I asked him why so. He said I had a clothes-

line. He told me I was thirty-five years old. I said, "No, I am thirty-eight." He said that was right, I should have been dead three years ago.

He told me that I was very handsome. I asked him if he could tell that by looking at my face. He said, no, my face didn't show it. He told me that I was going to cross water—that is, he told me that if I didn't cross water, the health officer would call on me and see that I did.

I saw a terrible accident happen while I was in Kansas City. A street-car run over a little girl and cut both of her hands off. I ran to her and was going to pick her up, when she hollered, "Hands off!"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

I saw some advertisements that read like this:

Furnished room-itism.

Wanted, girls to sew buttons on the fourth floor.

Another one read like this:

Three young ladies want washing.

Dear Doctor:—I read your advertisement, where you claimed your medicine would make hair come out, and will say, after taking two

bottles, my hair is coming out nicely. I think by the time I drink one more bottle, it will all be out.

Dear Doctor:—Before taking your medicine, I could hardly see my way. After taking three bottles, I can see my finish.

Wanted, a woman with one tooth to bite holes in doughnuts.

Wanted, a man with a wooden leg to mash potatoes.

Wanted, a man eighteen years old to work in an office; must have twenty-five years experience.

An ice cream advertisement:

Eat, drink and keep cool today, for tomorrow you may die and it may be still hotter.

A Missouri farmer advertising a big, fat hog:

Anyone wanting a big, fat hog, come out and see me.

There was an article on the art of love-making, that went like this:

Just take your girl in fond embrace,
And put both arms around her waist,
And draw her up with gentle grace,
Till you get her to the proper place;
Then, heart to heart, and face to face,
Lip to lip, and nose to nose,
Flippity-flop, and away she goes.

I saw a door mat laying in front of a house.

I walked right up and took it. The man that owned it saw me and had me arrested. When they took me up before the judge, he asked me why I took it. I said I supposed I had a perfect right to, it had "Welcome" on it. The Judge seemed to be a kindhearted fellow. He seemed to sympathize with me. He reached right down and gave me Ten Dollars and costs. He said if I didn't have the money, I could work it out on the rock pile.

They brought in a Jew next. The Judge said to him, "What do you want—Ten Dollars, or ten days?" The Jew said, "I'll take the money."

They brought in a street-car Conductor next. He was arrested for going through a car.

I took two young ladies out for dinner. One was named Kate, and the other was named Mollie. Kate ordered her potatoes hot, Mollie ordered her's cold. When the waiter brought the dinner in, she got things mixed up. She gave the cold potatoes to Kate, and the hot to Mollie. I ordered some apple pie and it was a peach; then I ordered some blackberry, and it was a mince. I saw a woman walking along the street; her paper bustle fell off; a newsboy picked it up and hollered, "Latest news, right from the seat of war."

I had an old girl living in Kansas City. I went out to her house to see her.

If she opened one bottle of wine, she opened twenty; but she didn't open one.

We were sitting in the parlor talking; she said, "Oh my, but my vaccinate hurts me." I asked her where she was vaccinated. She said, "Right in Kansas City." She is a ballet girl; she went to the Doctor and told him that she would like to be vaccinated where it wouldn't show; he gave it to her in a spoon. I was learning her a waltz when her father came in. He learned me a march. I was terribly bashful, but he helped me out. Her father never would shake hands; he never took to anybody until he took after me. We were out walking one evening; I took her into an ice cream parlor. We had some ice cream. She told me that I treated her coldly. As we were walking along the street, we saw a large building on fire. The firemen were hollering, "Send up more hose." My girl sat down and took her's off and sent them up.

She gave me a tintype picture of herself. I put it in my pocket and went a few steps further, and fell. When I got up, she says, "Are you hurt?" I said, "Yes." She said, "Where?" I said, "Not on your tintype."



"Nizgab, whenever you hits me, you're due: for if my ramah works, I'll shore git you."

"Look here, Sarah Washington, I seed you down dah on dat flatform, talking to dat railroad porter what runs on dat Pullman Palace car. Now, if I eveh ketches you talkin' to dat niggah agin I'm a'guina bust you up in the mouf."

"Well, niggah, whenever you does, if my razor works, I'll sutinly hand you a receipt for it."

"Now, look heah, if I evah hit you, and you don't fall, I'm a'goin around behind yuh to see what's holdin' you up."

"Well, whenever you hits me, you'll have to say, 'Good mawnin,' Judge."

I went to a baseball game. The players were all chamber maids. They say it was a scrub nine.

I saw a fellow in Kansas City from the country. Yes, it was very evident he was from the country. He was from Leavenworth, Kansas. He followed a sprinkling wagon for four blocks to tell the man that his water was leaking out.

He saw a sign in front of a fish store that said "Dry Herring." He went in and said, "Mister, do you keep dry herring?" The store keeper said, "Yes." The fellow said, "Why don't you give them a drink?"

He saw an automobile going down the street. He said, "By George, I'm going to have one of them automobilious wagons, if it takes the last hog I've got."

What is your business?

I am a diamond cutter.

Where did you ever cut any diamonds?

Out at the baseball grounds. I used to cut the grass off of the diamond.

Where are you living now?

Up in the tenth story of a brick building.

Have you got any children?

No, the elevator is broke, and we can't raise them.

Do you know that the Jones girl is married, and got four children?

Thank you.

Don't thank me.

Mrs. Murphy's husband is on the police force now.

I always did say he was too fat to work.

I run a foot race with a big, fat man.

Did you beat him?

No, he run up an alley, and I couldn't get by him.

I have got the rheumatism.

My wife cures me of rheumatism by rubbing me with her hands.

Why don't you try it on yourself?

When is your wife at home?

You are a peach.

I ought to be, my mother and father were a pair.

They say that apples make cider.

I know that Pears make soap.

What is your favorite flower?

Buck wheat.

What toast do you prefer?

Milk toast.

Where is that little horse charm I gave you?

I had it made into a stud.

What would you do if you should see some spirits?

I would soak them.

You can't soak spirits.

No, but you can get soaked with them.

Well, I think we've had enough experience in Kansas City. We will have a change of climate.

I went down to the depot and took the Kansas City, Ft. Scott and Gulf to Springfield. Did you ever ride on that road? I will never forget the first time I rode over it. The service was bum. There wasn't a seat or a window in the car, it was crowded. I don't believe that they could have got another hog in the car.

It was a hog train. I was on the hog, but that was another trip. I went up to the ticket office and bought a ticket for Springfield. The Conductor was a good, jolly feller; when he come in the car, he said, "I'm glad to see you all smiling, and would smile with you, only I just had one."

There were two old time railroad men on the train, they were going from Kansas City to New Orleans to eat out a meal ticket. When the Conductor got to them, one of them said, "Captain, we have lost our pass, but we are both old time car hands." The Conductor said, "You are both railroad men, are you?" They said, "Yes." He said, "All right, I won't have to stop; get off." Then the Conductor passed on. In a few minutes he came back to where the two old timers were, and said, "Well, I thought I told you fellows to get off." One of them said, "Say, Cap., when you get to going right good and fast, come in and let us know, and we will get up on top and turn a somerset off backwards." The Conductor said, "What kind of railroad men are you?" One said he was a switchman, the other said he was a brakeman. The Conductor said to the switchman, "I don't think you know enough to switch a giraffe out of a band of monkeys." The switchman said,

"Say, Bill, I have worked in yards where the engines were so thick you would get lost amongst the head-lights." The Conductor said to the brakeman, "Where did you ever railroad?" The brakeman said, "I have been following these two little old streaks of rust around the country for the last twenty years, and during that time I've clumb box cars enough to shake hands with Jesus Christ." The Conductor said, "I'll just ask you a few questions, to see what you know about railroading. Suppose, you would come out of Kansas City with me tomorrow night as my brakeman; after we had got out about fifteen miles, something would go wrong with the engine, and the engineer would stop. What would be the first thing that you would do?" The brakeman said, "I would go wake up the Conductor."

A fellow said, "Conductor that's a good one on you I am going to tell it to a friend of mine in New Orleans."

The Conductor said, "That's carrying the joke too far."

A big fat man got up and said, "Has anybody got a corkscrew?" A fellow in the hind end of the car said, "Here you are, I'm from Kentucky." Pretty soon they got up a game of cards. There were four in the game. The fat man, the Kentuckian, a Missourian and

a Jew. The Kentuckian said he had been to Kansas City with a load of mules and sold them, and was just going back home; said he had nigh on to a thousand dollars in his belt, besides he had a little drib in his pocket. He said he had some writin's on the bank, too. He said back in Kentucky where he lived, they always buried their money. He said he didn't know whether the bank writin's was good or not that they give him, for they had holes in 'em. The fat man said all negotiable bank checks have holes in them. He said it might be all right, but he did know that money with holes in it wasn't good. He said he wouldn't mind laying up a hundred dollars that he could beat anybody in the car playing seven up. Pretty soon he said, "Now I'm gainer on you all; I'll stand treat for the crowd." The fat man said he would take beer, the Missourian took whiskey; the Jew said, if it was just the same he'd take the money; the Kentuckian, he lit a cigar and started to smoke. The Conductor smelled it, and thought it was a hot-box and stopped the train. It smelled to me like somebody was shoeing a horse.

The fellow said it was a Lillian Russell cigar. It had a good shape and drawed well.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a policeman like a rainbow?

Because he never shows up until after the storm.

Why does a room full of married women resemble an empty room?

Because there isn't a single one in it.

Why is a confectionery man like a politician?

Because he makes candidates.

Why does a woman wear her watch in her bosom?

So the little hands can tickle her.

Why does a dog curl his tail?

So the fleas can loop the loop.

Why is a Chinaman the greatest curiosity on earth?

Because he has a head and tail on the same end.

What rose smells the strongest?

The negrose.

What are the three fastest ways of sending news?

Telegraph, telephone and telavon.

When a Dutchman is drunk, he has been drinking,

When a coon is hot, he am a stinking.

Women were made for men to stake,

Man was made the strongest;

But I think they made a big mistake,

When they made a woman's tongue the longest.

I used to know a girl by the name of Jessie Burn; she died, and they erected a monument to her memory with this inscription:

Jessie, Burn.

A fellow sitting in the next seat to me was spitting tobacco spit on the floor. Every time the Conductor would come along, he would notice it. Finally, he came up to me and said, "Is that you that is spitting tobacco spit on the floor?" The fellow in the next seat said, "I spit that tobacco spit on the floor." The Conductor said, "You are the fellow I have been looking for all day; give me a chew."

We stopped at a little station; the engineer was down oiling around. Two big husky fellows walked up to the engine and began to size the engineer up. One of them said, "Say Mister, do you run this here machine?" The engineer said, "Yes." The fellow said to his partner, "Well, Bill, it don't take much of a man to run an engine, does it?"

There was a Swede girl sitting just ahead of me. She said she was from Minsota. I asked her if she was going to boarding school. She said, no, she was going to work in a lumber camp. I asked her what kind of work she done in Minnesota. She said she was a piano mover; said her folks were wealthy; she said

not long ago someone broke into their wine cellar and stole all of their coal; said she used to be a chamber maid in a hotel, and she used to get up and have all the beds made before anybody else got up; said when she got married, she was going to marry a man that would make everybody take water. I told her that she ought to marry a milkman. She offered to lay my fortune at her feet.

There was a fellow on the train that said he was from North Carolina, up nigh the Virginia line; said he wasn't a bit scared of the cars. He said he had rid on the railrod before. Said he had a cousin that had worked on an instruction train, besides, he had an uncle that was a civilized engineer. He said he had been up to the St. Louis Fair. He said if the world was as big the other way as it was from North Carolina to St. Louis, it was a whopper. Said he wouldn't like to live in St. Louis, it was too crowded. He said the people in St. Louis tried to play some tricks on him, but he was too smart for 'em. Said as quick as he sit his valise down in the hotel, a nigger boy picked it up and was going to steal it. He said they crowded him into a little room and one boy pulled up eight big men.

He said he didn't get to ride on the Ferris

Wheel, he looked through all the buildings and couldn't find it.

He said, "Conductor, I want a drink of water." The Conductor said, "You will find water up there in the front end of the car." He got up and walked to the front end of the car, but instead of seeing the water-cooler, he saw the fire extinguishers, which were some glass bottles setting in a rack. He took one down, unscrewed the top, and started to drink it. The Conductor saw him and said, "What are you doing? That is the fire extinguisher." He said he felt put out.

Do you know that in Oregon, all the umbrellas are made square?

What for?

Because it isn't safe to leave them round.

I want to give you a sentence.

Not in Chicago, it's too hard to get out.

How would you punctuate this word: Mary coming down the street.

I would make a dash after Mary.

I am going to have my name in everybody's mouth.

You ought to get it put on the tooth-picks, then.

I wouldn't want to be a great man, and have my picture on the postage stamps, and get licked by everybody.

Do you know that my little dog is dead?

I suppose he either swallowed a tape-line and died by inches, or else went up the alley and died by the yard.

Oh, no, he crawled away up under the bed and died by the foot.

I was out last night.

Yes, I heard you was, but you don't know how much.

Is your father still running a bunco game?

My father runs a hotel.

Well, that's the same thing,—he's bunking people.

My father had forty thousand men under him.

When was that?

That was when he was up in a balloon.

Do you know Minnie Fish?

Yes, I'm going to drop her a line.

There was a girl in the car,—that is, she was trying to make everybody think she was a girl; to look at her face, I judge she was about thirty-five. She wore a short dress, had her hair cut short and curled; what she lacked in looks she made up for,—yes, she made up. Her face looked like a broken home. She saw the Conductor coming, and began to cry. He said, "What is the matter lady?" She said some old men frightened her pretty near to death. Just because she was a little girl

traveling all alone, they told such hard old stories. He said, "Don't cry, I'll take good care of you." She raised the window and leaned way out. The Conductor thought she might fall out, so he put his arm around her to pull her back. She said, "That is just like all the men; ma always did say if you give em your finger, they would want your hand." He said, "Not the Conductor; he has your interest at heart; in fact, this is part of your ticket."

Look at the condition of the man in the overalls. The lime maker's business is slack, the spiritualist's business is medium, the tailor's business is just so-so, and the undertaker's business is dead. The carpet business is held down by tax, the barbers are just scraping along, the butchers manage to make both ends meat, the elevator men have their ups and downs, the carpenters are nailing everything they can get their hands on, the pickpockets are the only ones that are taking things easy. Look at the clock makers, the hands can't strike.

The price of everything is going up; umbrellas are raising, the elevators are going up; on a windy day the ladies' skirts are going up; the price of flour is going up; the baker has to



It's all right—he's the conductor—that's just part of her titoke.

raise the dough and then loaf all day; the only thing that is going down is whiskey.

The Democrats are trying to down the trusts, the Republicans are trying to down silver and the Prohibitionists are trying to down whiskey. I believe in downing whiskey, and keeping it down.

There was a fellow in the car that had just got back from Klondike. He wore a watch chain made of gold nuggets, and a large gold nugget for a charm. A young lady and her mother sat right across from him. The young lady said, "Mother, aren't those lovely gold nuggets that gentleman is wearing?" The Mother said, "Daughter, all is not gold that glitters." The fellow from Klondike heard her and said, "No, nor all is not tit that titters."

Yes, there was a Georgian on the train. He said he had just bought a war paper, but he couldn't find much war news in it. Said the name of it was the "War Cry."

He said, "We have been poterin' around all day, but we are running lickity-cut now you can't hardly count the telegraph poles." I asked him how he liked Georgia. He said the town he lived in was a right smart place. Said there was nigh on to two thousand people there. He said they had the silver cornet band that

took the prize at the county fair; said a whole passel of them down there where he lived chipped in and sent off and got a croca set; he said they were thinking seriously about buying a pool table; he said they had hoss racing every Sunday in the road; said his folks was among the first in the town; he said his people were in everything that started in his town; said it was a pretty lively place too, they were building a new jail. He didn't say whether any of his folks was in it, or not.

I went back in the sleeper and took a berth. The train was due to arrive in Springfield at three o'clock in the morning. Before I went to bed, I told the porter that he would probably have trouble in getting me up at such an early hour, and in order to make sure that I did get off, I wanted him to pull me right out of bed, and to pay no attention to what I said, but to see that I got off. I handed him a half a dollar and went to bed without any fear of being carried by. When the train pulled into Springfield it happened that the porter was asleep himself, but he woke up just as the train was stopping at the depot. Of course, the first thing that struck him was to get me off, so he jumped up and ran for my berth, but instead of striking my berth, he got into the fellow's next to me, and began to pull him out.

The fellow said, "What is the matter?" The porter said, "Come on, Mister, this is where you get off." "Hurry up, we'se done here." The fellow said, "Go on away from here and let me sleep." The porter said, dat kina talk don't get you nuffin' here, so you might just well wake up, foh if you don't I'm sho goin' to carry you off." When I woke up, the sun was shining in at the window. I rung the bell for the porter. When he came, I said, "Well, what's the reason you didn't get me off at Springfield?" He said, "Look here, boss, you is the man, ain't you, but I didn't know you slipped back on after I put you off."

How is your uncle, the Doctor, getting along?

He's all right, uncle's a good Doctor.

Yes, he saved my life one time.

How was that?

I sent for him and he didn't come.

Your uncle was a good Doctor, he took life easy.

Why is a passenger on the C. B. & Q. like President Roosevelt?

Because they are both rough riders.

You had no business getting drunk, in the first place.

I didn't get drunk in the first place, it was in the last place.

I met your brother on the street today.

Good shot.

No, half shot.

I met your sister on the street today, she looks shorter.

Yes, she got married, and is settling down.

I've got a brother that's awful funny. People come from miles around to see him cut up, he's a butcher, and he always dresses to kill.

Can you spell mule?

Yes.

Let's hear you.

M-L-E.

You left something out.

I left you out.

If an Irishman was born in Ireland and came to this country, what would he be?

He'd be an Irishman, of course.

No, he wouldn't.

What would he be, then?

A policeman.

When I got to Springfield, I went in to a restaurant to get dinner. I ordered fish. The waiter brought in some smelt. Well, of all the smelt I ever smelt, I never smelt smelt that smelt like them smelt smelt. I ordered some honey. After waiting about fifteen minutes, I said, "Waiter, where is my honey?" She

said, "Which one do you mean,—the little red headed one?" I said, "Have you any fresh farmer eggs?" She said, "No, but we've got some fresh hen's eggs." When I got ready to get up, I gave her a tip on the side. She fell over and broke a bottle of preserves. Wouldn't that jar you? I got mixed up in the jam; they said I would get killed. I told them I couldn't die jest yet.

The hotel I stopped at had some rules that read like this:

Always look in your seat before you sit down, although you may not see the point.

Never stir your coffee with your finger, unless it is cold.

If you should spill a cup of coffee in your lap, change your trousers, or else explain to everyone you meet.

If you should drop a biscuit on the floor, and the dog gets it, don't get excited and hit him with the coffee-pot, but throw him a piece of meat and he will drop it.

Never put your feet on the table, unless pigs' feet is on the bill of fare.

Sunday dinners will be served on Wednesdays.

I was invited out to a party. A fellow sung a song entitled, "A Sleeveless Vest." It was written by a butcher at the stockyards. The air wasn't very good. He sung another song,

entitled, "Bring in the Ice to Dry." Then he opened a package of hiccoughs. A young lady was asked to sing when she was sweet sixteen, but she couldn't remember so far back, so she sung a song, the title of which was "Take Me Home Again"; after she had sung thirty verses, she went home alone.

There was another tall, slim girl got up to sing. She was about a flight higher than me. I would tell you about her, only that's another story.

While I was in Springfield, I tried to sell my valise to an Irishman. He said, "And phwat the Divil do I want with a valise?" I said, "To put your clothes in, of course." He said, "Phwat, and go naked?" He said, "Sure, and the clothes don't make the man." I said, "Yes, but it is better to have them than to go around without them and create a disturbance."

I come very near having to sell my shoes. I had 'em half soled.

I met a lady on the street carrying a little dog in her arms. Would you believe it, she actually kissed it, and she looked right at me and smiled when she done it. I walked up and spoke to her. She said, "I don't remember of ever meeting you before." I said, "Why, don't you remember seeing me at the dog show in Chicago?" She said, "Oh, yes, let's see,

which one of the kennels was you?" I said, "Lady, I'm no dog." She said, "No, but you little puppy, you will grow." I saw two Irishmen digging in a sewer. One was singing, "Hello, Central, give me Heaven." The other Irishman said, "Pat, you are digging the wrong way." One of the Irishmen went up to the foreman, and said, "I am going to quit, I want my money." The foreman said, "I can't give you your money, but I'll tell you what I will do, you can have your choice of any one of the tools." So the Irishman took his pick.

Springfield is built like a great many of the Southern towns; the Court House sits in the middle of the square. I saw a sign on the Court House that said, "Ten Dollars fine for swapping horses on the Square."

I don't like a horse no how, for he always carries a tail, so I got a mule, and started across the country through the Ozark Hills. My mule kicked his hind foot up in the stirrup; I said, "If you are going to get on, I'll get off." Sometimes, he would go so slow, I had to get off and look at him to see whether he was going or standing still. Sometimes he would go so fast, he would run from Tuesday right into Wednesday, but it made no difference how hungry he got, he never could eat a bit. I was riding along when I met a fellow with a



"Whoa, Bill! You'll have to back up, he won't clear by a year."

load of hay. He said, "If you don't get out of the road with that mule, I will do you like I done that other fellow I met." I said, "How did you do that other fellow?" He said, "I just drove around him."

I met an old man carrying a pair of new boots. He said he was going to send them to his son over in the Philippines by telegraph. I told him that I was an operator, and if he would climb up that pole and hang them across the middle wire, I would send them for him, and it wouldn't cost him anything. He clumb the pole and hung them across the wire. I told him that the line was busy at present, but would send them in a few minutes, so the old man started on to town. I clumb the pole, took off my old boots, and put on the new ones. In a little while the old farmer came back. When he saw the old boots, he said, "I declare to gracious, if them telegraphnis ain't fast. John has done got them new boots, and sent his old ones back to be patched." I saw a girl standing on a cow's back picking cherries. I went up to the house and asked her if she would please give me a bite. She said, "No, she wouldn't bite me, but she would call the dog, and he would." Just about that time the bull dog started to tie into me. I run around the house; the dog was right after

me. I kept going right around the house; just as I come around the third time, the old lady opened the door, and said, "Young man, is there anything I can do for you?" I said, "Yes, you can open the gate while I make another round."

I stopped at the next house. I asked the lady if she wouldn't give me something to eat. She said she didn't have a bite in the house. I told her I was sorry to hear that, and I would go over and strike the next house, and if I got anything, I would come back and whack up with her; so I struck the next house. I told the lady that I was traveling. She said, "Well, keep right on traveling." I put on a bold front and went right up to the next house I come to, and said, "Lady, would you please give me a cold bite?" She gave me a piece of ice. The next house I struck, the lady said, "What is your business?" I said, "I am a contortionist." She showed me the ax, and said, "Let's see you do a split."

I rode up to another house, and hollered "Hello." The farmer said, "What do you want?" I said, "I want to stay here all night." He said, "All right, stay there then."

I was stopping one night at a place when they had an earthquake. There was a preacher stopping at the house, also. All at once, the

Through Missouri on a Mule

house commenced to shake. The windows began to rattle, and the plastering fell. The old farmer got excited, and began to swear. The preacher said, "Be calm, brother, be calm, the Lord made this old world, and he can shake it if he likes." The farmer said, "Yes, but he didn't make this old house, and he'd be d——d—— if he hadn't better leave it alone."

I come to a place where they were skinning a cow. She looked like a good milk cow. I said, "It is a shame to kill a nice cow like this." They said they didn't kill her, she froze to death. I said, "How could she freeze to death in July?" They said they had her in the ice-house, trying to make her give ice cream.

I struck one part of the country where no one had ever worn a shoe. I was riding along the road, when I dropped my whip. I got off to get it, leaving the imprint of my shoe. When I come back the next day, the natives had built a fence around it, and were charging ten cents a look, and offering fifty cents to anyone who could tell what kind of an animal made the track.

At one place I stopped at they had a hog fight, I bet Ten Dollars on a hog and lost. They wouldn't take my money. They said it was no good. They gave it back to me, and said it was on the hog.

What is the difference between a man and a hen?

A man can lay an egg on a red hot stove without burning himself, and a hen can't.

Why is a young girl coming down the street like a ship coming into harbor?

Because she is trying to dodge the buoys.

If it takes a man a week to eat a ham, how long will it take him to eat a ham-er?

How many teeth has an elephant got?

A trunk full.

How long does a lamp burn?

A weak.

How is the best way to make a Russian run?

Make a noise like a Jap.

Suppose you had a buggy-top and five cents, what would you do?

I would buy a fine comb.

There was a young man who lived under the hill,
And if he isn't dead, he is living there yet.

Did you ever hear about the egg in the coffee?

No.

That settles it.

What is a strait?

A rubber-neck.

No, it is a neck running out to sea.

Well, ain't that a rubber-neck?

Are there any matches made in Heaven?

Through Missouri on a Mule

Yes, but they stick one end in the other place.

I met a boy in the road with ten or twelve squirrels. He didn't have any gun. I asked him if the dogs caught the squirrels. He said no, he killed them with rocks. I said, "You must have throwed a good many times." He said, "Yes, I had to throw twice at the big one."

I stopped at a place one night where they were having a party, there was another hobo there besides myself. They were singing

'Possum up a simmon tree,
Raccoon on the ground,
Says the Raccoon to the 'Possum,
"Shake them simmons down."

The hobo told them they wasn't singing it right. He said it was like this:

Farmer on the hay stack,
Ho-bo on the ground,
Says the Ho-bo to the farmer,
"Hire me to sling your horse feed down."
The farmer says, "I don't want Ho-bos;
They always want to shirk."
"How long," says the Ho-bo, "do you want a man to
work?"
"Usually," says the farmer, "I have them work till
dark,"
"Then," says the Ho-bo, "I will take my coat and
start.
I will roam this wide world over,

Through Missouri on a Mule

I will ramble this country round,
Till I find some good old farmer,
That will quit when the sun goes down."

Where did you get all those medals?
I got those for fighting.
Where did you ever do any fighting?
I fought five years in the Philaprunes, and
five years with my wife.

One day, while fighting a hand to, hand
battle in the Philaprunes, cutting down the
Philipinos right and left, the Captain was
surrounded by his whiskers, five miles away,
looking at me through field glasses. The Cap-
tain finally sent for me, and said, "My boy,
you are discharged; go home; you have killed
enough."

I hear you got held up last night.
Yes, that's the way I got home.
What time did you get home?
At seven o'clock this morning.
You are a great old rooster.
Yes, my wife was laying for me.
Why do they call you Jury?
Because I used to work in a drygoods store.
I sit on cases.

They raise the largest strawberries in Missouri
of any place I ever saw. I stopped with a

man by the name of Smith. He raised strawberries that were so large, all the pickers had to carry knives to cut the berries up before they could get them in a bucket. Smith isn't raising strawberries any more. He crossed them with milk-weeds, and went to raising strawberries and cream.

While I was in the hills of Missouri, a fellow wanted to sell me his farm. He said there was a spring within three hundred yards of the house, and it was down hill all the way to it and back. Another fellow said, "Say, stranger, don't buy that fellow's farm, I've got a better one. His farm is on a hill side, so steep he has to stand at the bottom, and shoot the corn in the hills with a shot gun." The other fellow said, "Yes, but whenever I want to gather my punkins, I just stand in the door and shoot them off the vines, and they roll down the hill and jump over in the yard." He said one day, just at gathering time, the hogs broke in his field, but every time they tried to eat a punkin, it would break off and roll down the hill, jump the fence, and stop in the yard. He said the hogs kept on until they gathered all his punkins, and it saved him a powerful lot of powder.

A Jew said to his son, "Ikey, how much was

twice six?" Ikey said, "Twice six, Father, vas fourteen." "Vat! You tell me that twice six vas fourteen? Vat kind of a school is dis I pay money for you to go to?" Ikey said, "I know, Father, that twice six vas twelve, but I thought I would say fourteen, for I knew you would Jew me down."

Adam was made from a handful of dirt. Eve was made from the rib of man. Man comes first, because he was made first. Woman was made after man, and she has been after him ever since. They say if Eve hadn't of got Adam to eat that apple, everybody would have been good in this world, but I believe in sticking up for the woman, for if it hadn't have been for Eve, we wouldn't have had any fun in this world, we wouldn't have had any hoss-racing; we wouldn't have had any dancing or card playing. I wouldn't give any one of them for the best pair of golden wings I ever saw. You can't have any fun being good, that is why I like Eve.

It is remarkable how old people live to be in the hills of Missouri. While traveling through that country, I met an old, gray whiskered man. He was crying. I said, "Old man,

what are you crying about?" He said, "Pa: whipped me." I said, "What did he whip you for?" He said, "For hitting Grandpa."

I stopped with a family; their youngest son was in the old man's home; they had a child eighty-five years old.

In some parts of that country they have never been able to start a graveyard. They took a very old man to the Mississippi River bottom; as he was very old, he soon took the malarial fever, and died. They put the body in a wagon, and started back home. As quick as they reached the hills of Missouri, the old man raised up and said, "Now, boys, I'm good for another hundred."

You take the Mississippi River bottom, it is so sickly there, it takes three frogs to live a year, and two of them have to be Doctors.

I met a fellow with a load of punkins. He said, "Get out of the road, or I'll lick you." He got down off of his wagon, and said, "I can whip you, throw you down, or outrun you, for Five Dollars." I took off my coat, and started up to him. He started down the road, and said, "I guess I'll outrun you first."

Another fellow drove up behind me, and said, "Get out of the road, or I'll drive over you." I said, "You will have to drive around."

He said he couldn't do it, for his wagon wheel was tired.

I used to work in a watch factory.

What did you do?

I made faces.

I met your sister on the street today, she is getting fat.

She ought to, she is working in a photograph gallery.

What has that got to do with her getting fat?

She is developing.

Beer always makes me fat.

Beer makes me lean—against telegraph poles and houses.

How long can a man live without brains?

From the looks of you, he can live a good while.

I am going to get a hat that suits my head.

You had better get a soft one, then.

Do you know what a grass widow is?

A grass widow is a woman that has been married, and left her husband.

I know a woman that has been married six times and left her husband. I suppose she would be called a bale of hay.

Do you think people will follow the same occupation in the next world as they do in this?

I know that my Mother-in-law won't. She makes ice cream; they don't make ice cream where she's going.

Do you know that this is a cold, cold world in the winter time?

Yes, but there is a hotter one waiting for some of us.

Do you know that chickens have signs? Our hens lay in coal.

I went to bed in a wooden house and woke up in a stone house.

How was that?

The wind blew so, it made the house rock.

Do you know, I used to speculate in pigs?

How did you come out?

On the hog.

Two Irishmen that had just landed from the old country was walking up a street in New York, when they seen a sign on a corner that said, "Silver Street." They went a little ways further, and saw a silver dollar lying on the side-walk. One of them stooped down to pick it up. The other one said, "Let it alone, and we'll go on up to Gold Street."

I rode up to a farmhouse, and asked if I could stay all night. The old man said,

"Come right in, and make yourself feel just like you was at your own home." His wife said, "I wish he was." The old man said, "Don't pay any attention to her, she is always talking to some fool." I said I was lucky to get here before nightfall. The old lady said, "Yes, for it might have fell on you." The next morning when I got ready to go, I asked the old man what my bill was. He said he wouldn't charge me anything, for his meat was tough, and he thought it was worth it to eat it. I said it was worth something to me, I stopped over night and had two meals. He said, "Yes, and you are going away, and that's worth something to me."

A great many of the country store-keepers in Missouri are unable to write. When they order goods, they draw a picture of the article they want, and put down "six" or "eight," or whatever number they want. One store-keeper ordered six grind-stones. He forgot to put the hole in the middle, and they sent him six hoops of cheese.

I received a postal card from my wife. I opened it, and it read, "Dear Husband: As I have nothing to do, I will write to you. As I have nothing to say, I will close." I answered it, and said, "Dear wife: Do not read this until you open it, do not answer it until you get it."



WHAT YOU SEE IN MISSOURI.

You have all heard the story about "How old is Ann?" Well, my little sister is five years old. She married a man twenty-five years old. Now, after they lived together for five years, she was ten, and he was thirty; that made him three times as old as she was. After they had lived together fifteen years, she was twenty, and he was forty; then he was two times as old as she was. Now, what I want to know is, how long they would have to live together, before they would be the same age.

"Look heah, nigger, I isn't had poke chops but once this week. Youv'et been lying around heah about long enough."

"Well, I guess I gets tired some time or other."

"Look heah, old nigger, don't you talk to me about gettin' tired, foh when de white folks owned you, you didn't know what it was to get tired. You had to git up at four o'clock in de mawnin' and milk de cows, and go out and split rails all day."

"Yes, but dem days, old woman, I used to get 'possum and hog's head and poke chops dat was fried in deep grease."

All of our family was baseball players; my sister was the catcher. She used to catch

the boys and bring them home, Mother, she was the Umpire, she would say, "Out." My Father, he was the pitcher. He would pitch them out.

There was a young girl from Kentucky,
She wore a bustle as big as a bucket,
She filled it with oats, and an old Billy-goat
Came right up and tuck it.

Do you think it is possible for a thing that has no life to move?

I have seen a watch spring, a match box, a plank walk and a banana stand. I have even seen a cat fish, and a horse fly.

Did you ever see hogs skin boots?

No, but I have seen alligators hide shoes. I have even seen the bark of a tree,—seen it hollow and commence to leave, but the tree held on to its trunk which they were trying to seize for board.

"Look heah, man, I thought you was down to New Orleans, workin' on a steamboat?"

"I was, but the boat sunk."

"You isn't come back heah to live off of me, is you?"

"You sees I'se got a sack of flour, don't you?"

"Are you shore it ain't cornmeal? Old man, I'se been having some terrible bad dreams 'bout you lately. I dreamt you was sick and

the Doctor come and put two dozen hard boiled eggs on your chest. He tole you to let 'em stay dar for two hours, and went away and left you. When he come back, you was dead. You had got up and eat the eggs."

"Yes, and I had another dream. I dreamt I owed the butcher Six Dollars, the baker Four Dollars and the landlord two months' rent. I'm awful 'fraid somethin' goina happen. I think I'll go see a fortune teller."

"I can tell you de answer to dat dream, and save you fifty cents."

"Well, what is it?"

"You're goina move."

I think a woman's name should harmonize with whatever business her husband is engaged in. For instance, a grocerman's wife should be called Risena, a saloon keeper's wife should be called Jinney; a lounge maker's wife, you would call her Sophie; a dentist's wife, she would be Tootsie, a horse owner should call his wife Mary; a fat man's wife, Lena.

Did you hear the latest from Port Arthur?

No, what is it?

The Japs took Peruna.

Russia says she is going to end the Janapese Corea.

I have got a smart little dog that tracked me for five miles by the scent of my feet.

Why don't you take a bath and fool him?

I cut my dog's tail off.

Did it make any difference with his carriage?

No, but it stopped his wagon.

I know a girl, her name is Minnie, and she weighs four hundred pounds.

It may be all right, but it is the first time I ever heard of a Minnie being shaped like a whale.

Yes, and she has got a sister Lener.

What would you call a man from Poland?

A man from Poland would be called a Pole.

I suppose, then, you would call a man from Holland, a hole.

A man from Italy, I suppose he would be It.

According to that, if an Irishman was born in Cork, he would be a bottle stopper.

They say that love is blind.

Marriage must be an eye opener, then.

What is your name?

August.

Ain't that a hot name?

Are you married?

Yes, I have been married twice. It didn't take the first time, so I had to get vaccinated over.

A Missouri farmer went over to his neighbor's house and told him that he had a cow that he would like to turn in his pasture for about two weeks, and he would pay him whatever he thought it would be worth. His neighbor said, "All right." At the end of two weeks, the farmer went over to get his cow. He asked his neighbor what he thought it was worth. He said he thought it ought to be worth the cow. The farmer said, "No, sir, I won't stand that, but I'll tell you what I will do,—if you'll keep the cow two week's longer, you can have her."

A school teacher said to her pupils, "All of you boys that want to be President of the United States, hold up your hands." They all held up their hands, except one boy over in the corner. The teacher said, "Willie, what is the matter that you don't hold up your hand? Don't you want to be President of the United States?" He began to cry and said, yes, he did, but he couldn't. She said, "Why?" He said, "Because, I am a Democrat."

I went to a colored meeting. The parson was trying to raise a collection for the purpose of fixing the plastering in the ceiling, as it was

dropping down. After trying for some time to raise the collection, and being unable to get it, he said, "Let us pray." While they were engaged in prayer, a piece of plastering fell and struck one of the brethren on the head. He said, "Parson, I'll give Ten Dollars to get that plastering fixed." An old colored lady said, "Lawd, let that plastering fall again." An old colored lady began to shout. She said, "I wish I was a June bug, I would fly away to Heaven." An old darkey said, "Yes, and an old pecker wood would get you before you got half way." The Parson said, "All of you that want to repent of your sins and go to Heaven, stand up." None of them stood up. Then the parson said, "All of you that don't repent, will have to stay here and go to Arkansaw." One old darkey shot himself, because he had no sins to repent of. An old colored lady got up and said she didn't believe there was any Heaven or Hell, she says, "When we die, the good ones go to California, and all the bad ones go to Texas." The Parson said, "Brudren and sisters, I am looking right into Heben." They said, "Parson, what do it look like?" He said, "It looked just like a great, big chicken roost in the middle of a watermelon patch."

I used to be in the show business. I was bill-poster for Carrie Nation. I also traveled with Uncle Tom's Carabian Company. I was leading man. I led the dog. The first night, we played "Over the Hill." The second night, we played "Out in the Street." The third night, we played "Busting Up." The fourth night, we played "Disgraced," then we played "On the way to the Poor House."

We had a strong man with the show. He made an awful hit. He brought the house down.

I used to travel with the Barnum Bayrum circus. I was bar-tender. I washed tumblers. One day the leopard got out. They told me to shoot him on the spot. I said, "What spot?" And I got fired.

I used to know a girl that had a wooden leg, false teeth and hair. When she got married, I was at her wedding. They sang, "Take me just as I am." The preacher said, "Is there anyone here to give the girl away?" I got up and said, "I could, but I wouldn't."

What is an Island?

A pimple on the Ocean.

What is a strait?

Nine, ten, Jack, Queen, King.

What is the difference between a sewing machine and a kiss?

One sews seams nice and the other seems so nice.

If it takes three feet to make a yard, how many bottles of mucilage does it take to make a yard stick?

What is the difference between a young dog and an incline?

One is a slow pup, and the other is a slope up.

How would you make a maltese cross?

Pull his tail.

What is the difference between a pill and a mountain?

One is hard to get down, and the other is hard to get up.

Which is the front end of a ferry boat?

The end to get into the slip first.

You mean the first end to appear.

How would you tell a bad egg?

If you want to tell it anything, break it gently.

While I was on the Pike at the St. Louis Fair,
I saw a lot of shows;
But the best thing that I could see
Was a train for Chicago.

A Jew come home and found his wife, with
the baby in her arms, singing, By-low, baby,

by-low, baby. The Jew said, "Dat vas right, you teach him to by low, and I'll teach him to sell high."

If there is anything I do like, it is hunting. I hunted this morning for three hours for my collar button. One day last week, I took my gun and went out to practice. I hit the bull's eye the first time, but it cost me Twenty Dollars. I had to pay for the bull. The best luck I ever had hunting was one time in Louisiana. I had been walking all day, without seeing a thing to shoot at. I sat down on the bank of a river to rest. Pretty soon I heard a noise. I looked up the river, and saw about five hundred ducks. I cocked my gun, and took aim at the ducks. Just as I was going to pull the trigger, I heard another noise down the river. I looked down the river, and saw five thousand geese, so I thought I would rather have the geese than the ducks, so I took aim at the geese. I was just ready to shoot, when I heard another noise in front of me. I looked down, and not over three feet away I saw a great big rattlesnake, with its mouth open, ready to bite, so I thought the best thing to do was to shoot the snake; so I cocked both barrels and took aim at the snake. I pulled the trigger and let go both barrels. The gun

busted. The right hand barrel flew up the river and killed the five hundred ducks, the left hand barrel went down the river and killed the five thousand geese; the ramrod went down the snake's throat and choked him to death. The gunstock flew back and knocked me over in the river, and I come out with my boots full of fish.

I took my girl to the Ring-Tail Brothers circus. She held on to me with one hand and held a package of pop-corn in the other hand. When she saw the zebra, she said, "Oh, look at the stripped mule." When we got to the rhinoseros, she said, "Look at that big tooth growing out of the top of his head." She wanted to know if he used it to punch holes in doughnuts. When she saw the elephant, she said he must be awful tired, having to carry his trunk around all day. When we went in to set down, she didn't like the seats. She said, "There isn't any place for your feet." She was right, there was no place for your feet, or anything else. When the show was about half over, a man with a wealthy voice—that is, it sounded well off, got up and said, "Ladies and gentlemen: At this part of the performance, it is customary to announce our after show, or unusually termed, "Concert," which



At the Circus—She said, "Look at the big tooth growing out of the top of his head."

takes place immediately after the big show, which is not yet half over. Some of our best acts are yet to come. In this concert, we present an entire different show from anything ever given before under canvas. John, the Lobster, will eat a bale of hay in plain view of the audience. Madame Zazelle will swing two bulls by the tail in mid-air. Our gentlemanly robbers will now pass among you, offering tickets for sale."

An Irishman living in Chicago, by the name of Pat O'Connors had a brother in the old country that was coming over to visit him. Pat wrote to his brother before he started, and told him that when he arrived at Chicago, if there was no one at the depot to meet him, to just come right out to the house, that he lived at 245 Lake Street. Anybody could tell him where it was. It so happened that when he arrived at Chicago, there was no one at the depot to meet him, so he started out to find his brother's house. He had only gone a few blocks, when he saw a street-car going by with a sign on it that said Lake Street, and it happened that the number of the car was 245. The Irishman saw it, and said, "Be God, there goes Pat's house, running off," and took after the car.

We used to have a dog that was always in the house. When any of the family would get mad, they would go kick the dog. They all seemed to take a delight in kicking him. Not long ago, he swallowed a dynamite cartridge. None of the family has wanted to kick him since. When the dog would come in the house, everybody would go out. He was a privileged character, until one day, a tramp come along and kicked him. All the neighbors heard the report, and come over to find out what was the matter. We all started out to hunt the dog. We found his growler down by the saloon. We found his pants in the back yard. His bark, we found that over on a tree in the park. We found his tail,—well, that was the last of him.

Don't you remember when we was boys together, we used to sit on the fence and watch your father and my father go to town with a load of new wheat?

Yes, and bring home a load of old rye?

Don't you remember my brother, Henry? The reason we call him Henry, he used to lay around the house.

I saw a lady today wearing a dress with a submarine train.

What is a submarine train?

That's a train that runs on the outskirts.
I saw a machine running down the hall
without a stitch on it.

I had a machine run up the seam of my pants.
Suppose you would go to the butcher
shop and get a beefsteak and cut it in two.
What would you have?

I would have two stakes.

Suppose you would cut the two steaks in
two, what would you have?

I would have four stakes.

If you cut the four steaks in two, then what
would you have?

I would have eight stakes.

Now, we will just suppose you cut the eight
steaks in two; then what would you have?

I would have sixteen stakes.

No, you wouldn't.

What would I have, then?

You wouldn't have a thing only hash.

I will ask you two questions and if you can't
answer them, I will bet you Five Dollars I can.
All right, I'll take that bet. What are the
questions?

How is it that a little ground squirrel digs
a hole in the ground and doesn't leave any
dirt behind him?

He starts in at the bottom and digs up.

How does he get down there?
You ask the question, now answer it.

I used to drink a good deal, so my wife went and asked the preacher to have a talk with me, and see if he couldn't get me to quit drinking. One day I was going across the street to a saloon. The preacher saw me, and commenced to holler at me. I didn't look around, but kept on going. I went right in the saloon, and got a drink. When I come out, the preacher was waiting for me. He said, "Look here sir, why didn't you stop when I hollered at you?" I said, "Parson to tell the truth, I only had the price of one drink."

My wife got mad one day, and said she would leave me. She said she would go to the devil. So she did; she went home to her Mother. She said she was going to leave me for good. When she started, I said, "Are you going?" She said, "Yes." I said, "Good!" She said there was just as good fish in the sea as had ever been caught. I told her that she fished a long time before she landed a sucker.

I took my boy to the theater. We were sitting right behind a lot of bald-headed men. Pretty soon my boy said, "Papa, when is the Indians coming out?" I said, "My boy,

there isn't any Indians here." He said, "Who scalped them men, then?"

An Irishman got on a street-car. When the Conductor collected his fare, he asked him if he wanted a transfer. The Irishman said, "What the divil is a transfer?" The Conductor said "A transfer will take you from one car to another." Pretty soon the Irishman took out his pipe and started to smoke. The Conductor said, "You can't smoke in this car." The Irishman said, "Well, I'll take a transfer then."

If I ever hit you, you will never forget it.
If I ever hit you, you will never remember it.
Who brought you here?
Two policemen.
Drunk, I suppose?
Yes, both of 'em.
What time did you get home last night?
At six o'clock this morning.
You are a great old rooster.
Yes, my wife was laying for me.
Do you know that married men live longer
than single ones?
No, it only seems longer.
My wife dresses out of sight.
That's the proper place for her to dress.

I was just crazy to get married, but I didn't know it, until after I was married.

What caused your Uncle's death?

He had lint on the heart from chewing the rag.

My Uncle died from hard drink.

How was that?

A piece of ice fell on him.

I knew a girl that married a man with a wooden leg.

How do you know he had a wooden leg?

Because I stood up for him.

I went fishing and used whiskey for bait; it rained all day, and I got soaked.

I was down to see my girl; she told me that I reminded her of their parlor lamp.

She didn't mean that.

What did she mean, then?

She meant that she turned you down, and you wouldn't go out.

I was arrested and put in jail for borrowing Five Dollars from a man. They don't put people in jail for borrowing money. Yes, but I had to knock him down three times before he would let me have it.



Well, what d'you think of that ?

It just shows where he's from, that's all.

He refuses to eat Quaker Oats so we have to use Force.

If you ever take a trip South over the M. K. & T. road, when you strike the Indian Territory, you will know it, for just as quick as you cross the line, you want to steal something. When I was traveling down there, I asked a farmer if I could stay all night. He said, "Where are you from?" I said, "Missouri." He said, "What did you do in Missouri?" I told him that I raised mules. He said, "Is that all you done?" I said,


"Yes." He said, "Didn't you ever steal any mules?" I said, "No, I never stole any." He said, "Did you ever steal any sheep?" I said, "No." Then he said, "Didn't you ever steal any hogs in Missouri?" I said, "No." He says, "Stranger, I'll be darned if you can stay here, for no man can stop in this part of the country, unless he has stole something."

I took a trip abroad, but I was just as broad when I come back as I was when I started. It was a lovely trip going over, but it was different coming back; it was very rough. I felt like Morgan—I wanted the earth. There was a look on everybody's face that was just as good as to say, if they had anything against you, they would throw it right up to you. I asked the Captain how far it was to land. He said, "Five miles." I asked him what direction. He said, "Straight down."

I don't like those big ocean steamers. Every time I get on one they make me cross.

I am only telling these I ain't explaining them.

My wife never would tell her age. One day the census taker come around. He asked my wife her age. She told him that she refused to tell her age to anyone. He said, "I am the census taker, and I must know your age."



She told him that the Hills lived next door, and she was just as old as Mrs. Hill. The census taker went over and asked Mrs. Hill's age; then he put down for my wife's age, "MRS. JACKSON, just as old as the Hills."

My wife asked me to get her the thinnest thing I could find in a shirtwaist pattern.

I went in a store and asked the lady clerk to show me the thinnest thing she had in a shirt waist.

She said, "The thinnest thing we've got in a shirt waist has just gone out for dinner."

There was an Irishman sitting over in the corner of a street car, asleep. The Conductor shook him and said, "Here, sir, wake up! What street do you want?" The Irishman said, "And what streets have ye?"

Is there anyone around?

No one, except the police.

We are safe, then.

What is your business?

I am a glass-blower.

Where do you work?

Down to the saloon.

What do you do there?

I blow glasses.

What is leather used for?

To make shoes.

407570B

What is leather?

Leather is skin.

They don't make shoes out of all skin.

They make slippers out of banana skins.

Do you know that every time I pass your face, I look into your window?

I first saw you standing in the front door, cleaning out the back yard, then a ray of sunlight broke through the roof. It was then that you stepped through a hole in a doughnut and broke your leg.

What are you wearing those medals for?

For saving lives.

Where did you ever save any lives?

Why, just the other day I saved an explosion.

How was that?

A young lady with powder on her face was going to blow up a speaking tube.

Do you know what marriage is?

Marriage is a balloon that takes you safely to Heaven.

Divorce must be the parachute that brings you back to earth again.

One time, while traveling over the Vandalia road, between St. Louis and Indianapolis, I was riding in the sleeper. An old man that occupied a seat just across from me, made it very busy for the porter. The car was either

too hot, or too cold for him. He wanted the transoms opened, and his window raised. He wanted a pillow and a glass of ice water. He was kicking about the service. He said it was the worst he ever saw. He said they ought not to be allowed to carry convicts over that road; he thought it was too bad to punish them twice. Before he got off, the porter shined his shoes and brushed his clothes, and, of course, he was expecting a tip. When the train arrived at his station, the porter carried his valise out to the platform, and handed it to him. The old man thanked him, and said, "Porter, I will be going back in a few days, with my wife and eight children. I hope I will catch your run." The porter said, "Boss, I hope I will never see you again until we meet in Heaven, where we don't have to buy poke chops or pay street-car fare."

Uncle Josiah Windless and wife, from Posey County, Indiana, took a trip to Chicago. They were walking up State Street, holding hands. After they had butted their way through the crowd for about six blocks, Josiah said, "Samanthy Hickins, quit your pulling back, and come on." She said, "I will not go another step until the crowd gets by." After waiting



Uncle Josiah Windless and wife from Posey County, Indiana, on State Street, in Chicago.

for about two hours, Josiah said it was the longest procession he ever saw.

A Hebrew come to town with a basket of eggs. He went around and sold them all except one dozen. He took them into a saloon and asked the bartender if he didn't want to buy a dozen eggs. The bartender asked him how much he wanted for them. The Jew said, "Twenty-five cents." The bartender said, "All right," and counted them out. There was a dozen and one. The bartender said to the Jew, "You don't want to take that one egg home, I'll tell you what I will do—I'll give you a nice drink for it." The Jew said, "All right." The bartender said, "What will you have?" The Jew said, I will take sherry and egg. The bartender broke the egg; it had two yellows in it. The Jew said, "I'll take a little more sherry."

An Irishman that run an engine on the St. Louis & San Francisco road by the name of Pat Murphy, had a brother come over from the old country to visit him. Pat took his brother Mike over the road with him for a trip. Mike was sitting up on the engine behind Pat looking ahead on the track when

he saw a tunnel he said, "Be God Pat and what ever you do don't you miss that hole."

Do you know that when Roosevelt was a nominated for president they gave him money and every thing he wanted.

I never heard of them giving him any money. Didn't they give him a Fairbank?

Do you know that everybody has a chance to be President of the United States?

I will sell my chance for fifty cents.

Do you know that during the strike of the meat trust, they added a cent a pound to meat each day?

I am glad it wasn't the cheese trust. Just imagine a cent a pound to limberger each day.

Well, could they do it?

Just before my Mother-in-law died, she asked me to put something in her coffin to remember her by, so I put a fire escape.

The fellow in the next room to me last night made an awful lot of noise, his wooden leg pained him.

How could that be?

His wife hit him over the head with it.

Do you know that my Father-in-law has large, blue eyes?

They were blew out in the mines.

What made you hump-backed?

That was caused from drinking camel's milk.

When your wife died, did she leave you any real estate?

Yes, she left the earth.

What is your wife's name?

My wife's name is Maud, but I call her Moth, because she's always in my clothes.

If I put my money in the bank, can I draw it out any time I want to?

Certainly, if you give them two weeks' notice.

I wrote a book one time about Niagara Falls.

Wasn't that a dry subject?

That's a lovely complexion you've got.

I walk eight miles for my complexion every morning.

I heard the drug store had moved.

They say that Great Salt Lake is drying up.

That will be all right, Bryan is still talking.

My sister married a street-car Conductor.

They ain't getting along very well together.

Why don't she get a transfer?

My sister's husband got a divorce from her.

What for?

For making bad coffee.

That was poor grounds.

Look at our inventions of today. Look

what Edison has done with electricity. He has made the telephone and the phonograph talk. The street-cars are run by electricity. They say they are going to run old maids by electricity, so they can catch a man. Look what a wonderful invention the wireless telegraphy is. They can stand on the dock at San Francisco and flash a message to a ship a thousand miles out to sea, and tell whether the Captain is drunk or sober. They have invented a kissing machine now, where a fellow can kiss his girl three hundred miles away, but if ever the wires get crossed and he kisses the wrong girl, he will have to think it over.

I used to be a house-mover. I moved from house to house.

When I was a base-ball singer I sung between second and third base. I sung "After the Ball."

When I railroaded in Florida, I run a snow-plow.

When I was in Missouri, I was lineman for the Wireless Telegraph Company.

When I was a watchmaker I worked over time.

But the hardest work I ever done was Wheeling West Virginia.

Well, as I have no more soft coal to keep my pipe going I will have to stop.

M. A. DONOHUE & CO.
PRINTERS, BINDERS,
PUBLISHERS, CHICAGO





